Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countriemen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and servants as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Uncase thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you need:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue: Sirra, where have you bin?

Bion. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Master ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your clothes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to save my life,
Puts my apparell, and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his:

For'

For in a quarrell since I came ashore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becom
While I make way from hence to save my
You understand me?

Bion. I sir ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your m
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to have the nex
tio indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daught
sake, but your masters, I advise you vse y
in all kinde of companies: When I am
Tranio: but in all places else, you master

Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execut
To make one among these wooers: if thou
ceth: my reasons are both good and waight

Exeunt. *The Presenter*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good
there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of w
would 'twere done.

Enter Petrucio, and hi

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leau
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend
Hortensio: and I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Gru. Knocke sir? whom should I kn
ha's rebus'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere s

Gru. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, wh
knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knau

C

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